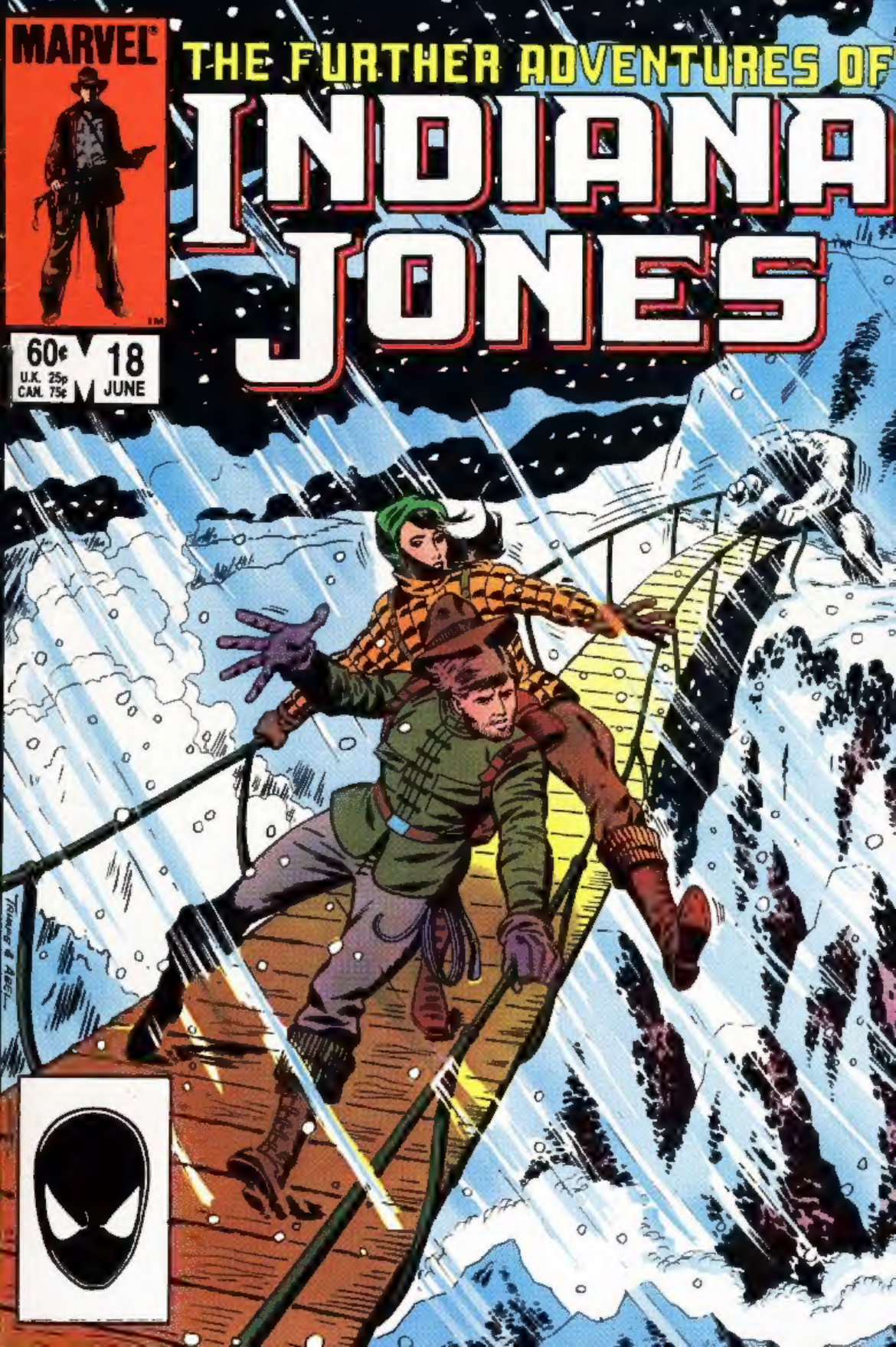
MARVEL
THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF
INDIANA JONES
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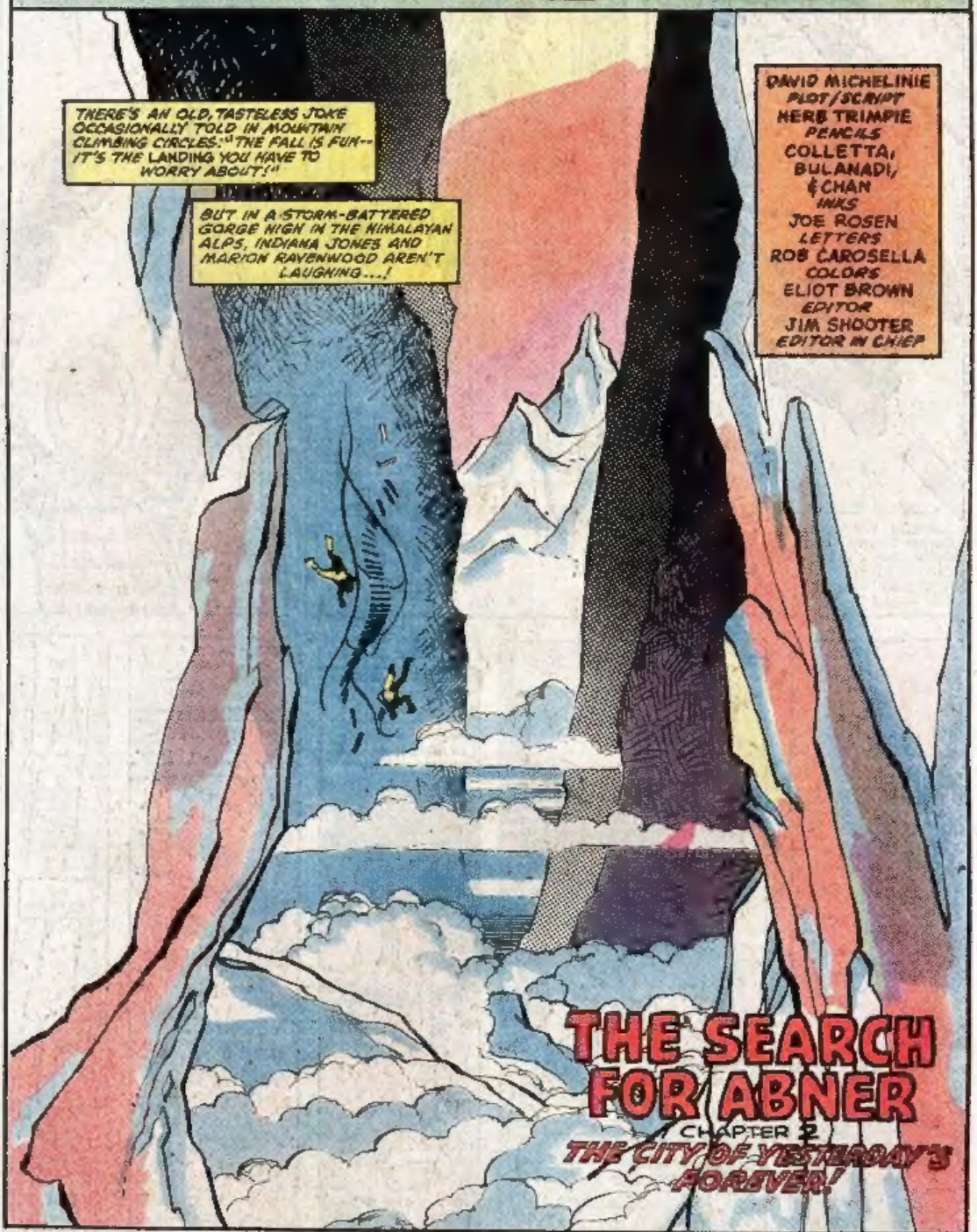
18
JUNE

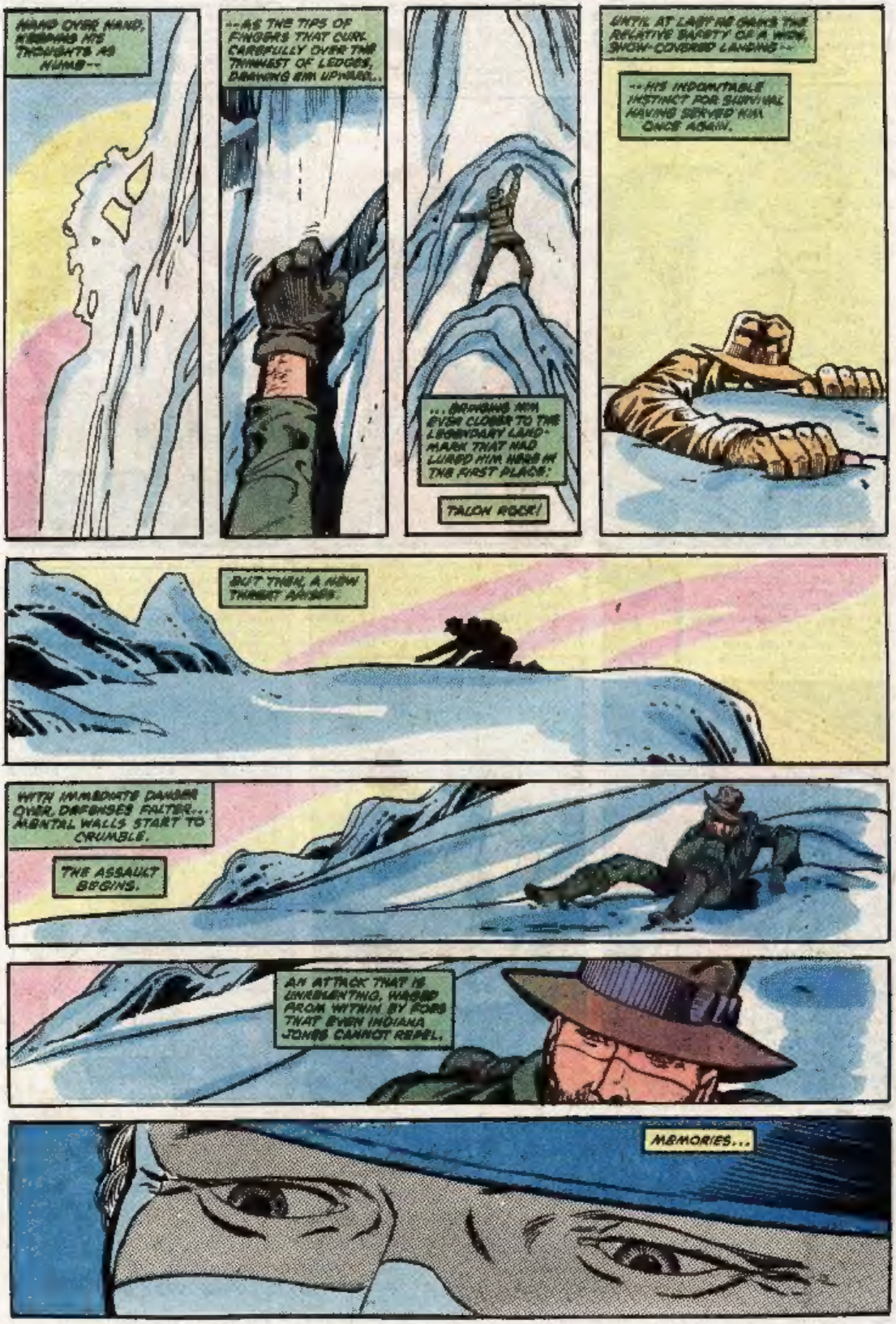
Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF

INDIANA JONES™


THERE'S AN OLD, TASTELESS JOKE OCCASIONALLY TOLD IN MOUNTAIN CLIMBING CIRCLES: "THE FALL IS FUN-- IT'S THE LANDING YOU HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT!"
BUT IN A STORM-BATTERED GORGE HIGH IN THE HIMALAYAN ALPS, INDIANA JONES AND MARION RAVENWOOD AREN'T LAUGHING...!
DAVID MICHELINIE PLOT/SCRIPT
HERB TRIMPE PENCILS
COLLETTA, BULANADI, & CHAN INKS
JOE ROSEN LETTERS
ROB CAROSELLA COLORS
ELIOT BROWN EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER EDITOR IN CHIEF
THE SEARCH FOR ABNER
CHAPTER 2
THE CITY OF YESTERDAY'S FOREVER!

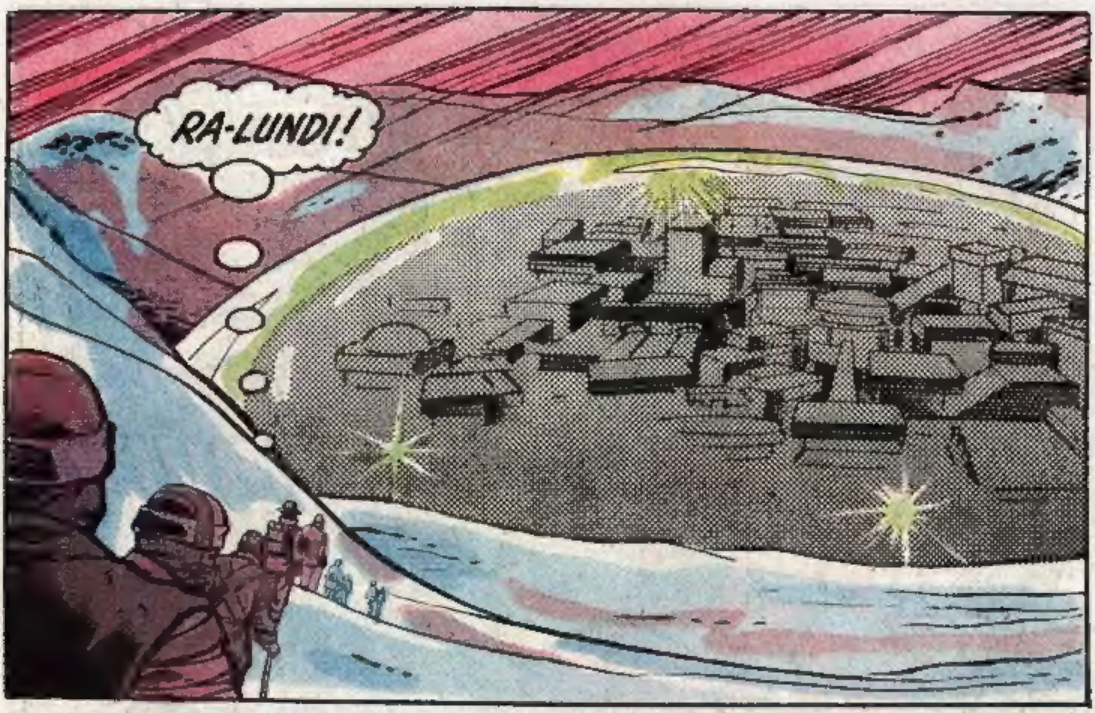
THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF INDIANA JONES™ Vol. 1, No. 18, June, 1984 issue. Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP. James E. Galton, President, Stan Lee, Publisher, Michael Hobson, Vice-President, Publishing, Milton Schiffman, Vice-President, Production. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. Published monthly. TM & © Lucasfilm Ltd. (LFL) 1984. All rights reserved. The advertising and editorial material appearing on pages 5, 7, 10, 12, 21, 23, 26, 28, 32, covers 2, 3 & 4 only, copyright © 1984 by Marvel Comics Group, a division of Cadence Industries Corporation. All rights reserved. Price 60¢ per copy in the U.S. and 75¢ in Canada. Subscription rate $7.20 for 12 issues. Canada and Foreign, $9.20. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. **POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO INDIANA JONES, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, 10TH FLOOR, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016.** Application to mail at second class postage rates is pending at New York, NY and at additional mailing offices.

MARION! WE'VE GOTTA SLING THESE ROPES OVER ONE OF THESE OUTCROPS! IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO BREAK OUR FALL! ON THREE!
ONE... TWO...
...THREE!
SWITCH
AGGH!
M-MY SHOULDER, INDY! I-I CAN'T HOLD--
--ON!
MARION?!
MAR-EEE-OOOON!
THE NAME ECHOES,
FROM GORGE WALLS,
IN INDY'S MIND,
RINGING COLD AND HOLLOW.
HE CLOSES HIS EYES, FEELING SALT TEARS FREEZE ON A WIND-CHAPED CHEEK.
AND THEN, HE DOES WHAT HE MUST.
HE CLIMBS.


HAND OVER HAND, KEEPING HIS THOUGHTS AS NUMB--
--AS THE TIPS OF FINGERS THAT CURL CAREFULLY OVER THE THINNEST OF LEDGES, DRAWING HIM UPWARD...
...BRINGING HIM EVER CLOSER TO THE LEGENDARY LAND-MARK THAT HAD LURED HIM HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE:
TALON ROCK!
UNTIL AT LAST HE GAINS THE RELATIVE SAFETY OF A WIDE, SNOW-COVERED LANDING--
--HIS INDOMITABLE INSTINCT FOR SURVIVAL HAVING SERVED HIM ONCE AGAIN.
BUT THEN, A NEW THREAT ARISES.
WITH IMMEDIATE DANGER OVER, DEFENSES FALTER... MENTAL WALLS START TO CRUMBLE.
THE ASSAULT BEGINS.
AN ATTACK THAT IS UNRELENTING, WHOSE FOES FROM WITHIN BY FORS THAT EVEN INDIANA JONES CANNOT REPEL.
MEMORIES...

...OF THE LOVE THAT HAD GROWN BETWEEN HIM AND MARION, STRUGGLING TO SURMOUNT THE GHOST OF HER FATHER'S DISAPPROVAL.
...OF THE TELEGRAM SPECULATING THAT ABNER RAVENWOOD, LONG THOUGHT DEAD, MIGHT STILL BE ALIVE--THAT THE GHOST MAY YET WALK.
...OF THE QUEST FOR VERIFICATION THAT HAD TAKEN THE TWO LOVERS TO CRETE, TO DANGEROUS CULTS AND DRUNKEN EX-PARTNERS.
...OF INFORMATION THAT HAD LED TO A DIG IN THE KARA KAVAN, NORTH OF INDIA, TO A DANGEROUS ENCOUNTER WITH ARTIFACT THIEF IAN McIVER AND ARCHEOLOGIST ANDRE LAPONTE.
...OF A DARING HORSEBACK ESCAPE, FOLLOWING TRAILS LEADING EAST, AND TALES OF MYTHICAL RA-LUNDI, A CITY WHOSE GOD WAS SAID TO BE A WHITE MAN.
...AND FINALLY OF A MASSIVE, HALF-SEEN SHAPE HIGH IN THE HIMALAYAS, ONE THAT HAD SNAPPED ROPES LIKE TWINE, TAKING FROM INDY THE ONE THING HE SWORE HE'D NEVER LOSE.
AGAIN.
MARION...

MORE MOMENTS PASS, LOST TO INTROSPECTION...
...TO DEEP CONCENTRATION THAT PREVENTS PROFESSOR JONES FROM NOTICING THE SOFT CRUNCH OF APPROACHING, SNOWSHOED FEET.
UNTIL...
WANEBMJIKO! PALA-HO!
HUH?
YOU--
--COME!
MEN! OF A SORT. MAYBE THE SAME SORT THAT WRECKED THE BRIDGE!
BUT CONSIDERING THEIR NUMBERS, AND MY CONDITION, I HAVE NO CHOICE--
--I HAVE TO GO ALONG.
AND SO...
THE TRAIL'S LEADING UPWARD-- TOWARDS TALON ROCK!
I'M STARTING TO WISH THAT MARION WAS HERE EVEN MORE.
BUT NOW FOR A DIFFERENT REASON!
BECAUSE I THINK I'VE JUST FOUND WHAT SHE ONLY DREAMED OF FINDING...


RA-LUNDI!

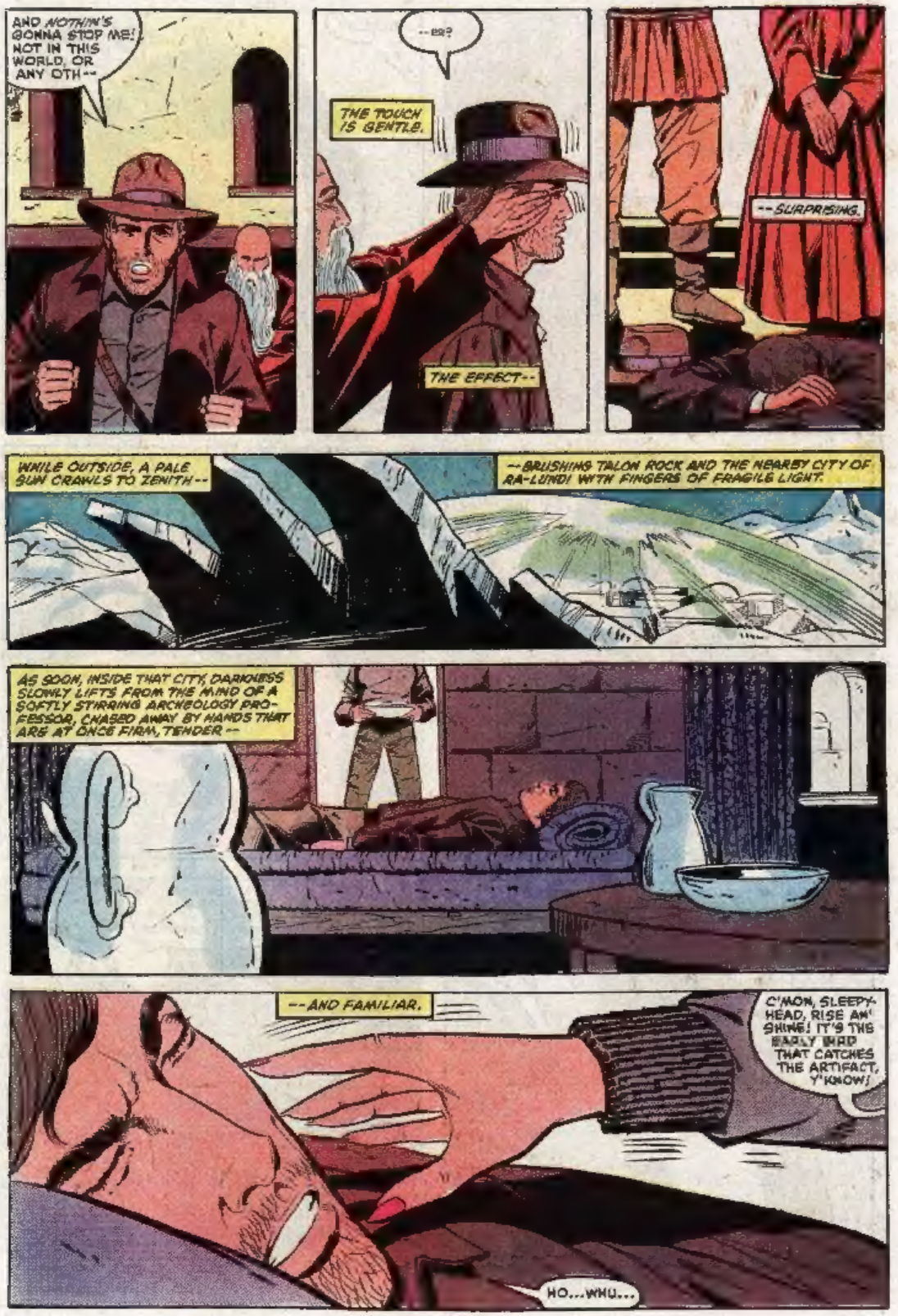
DOOR SEEMS TO BE OF THE SAME MATERIAL AS THE DOME, AND LOOKS AS STRONG AS TRANSLUCENT STEEL!
BUT INSIDE THE DOOR ...NEAT?

THIS PLACE IS AS WARM AS CHICAGO IN MAY! I DON'T GET IT!
EVEN WITH SOME KIND OF "GREENHOUSE" EFFECT CAUSED BY THE DOME, TEMPERATURES SHOULD HARDLY BE ABOVE FREEZING AT THIS ALTITUDE! WHAT'S GOING--

YOU ARE HAVING MANY QUESTIONS, MY SON, ARE YOU NOT? PLEASE TAKE ASSURANCE THAT THEY WILL SOON BE ANSWERED.
WHO--?

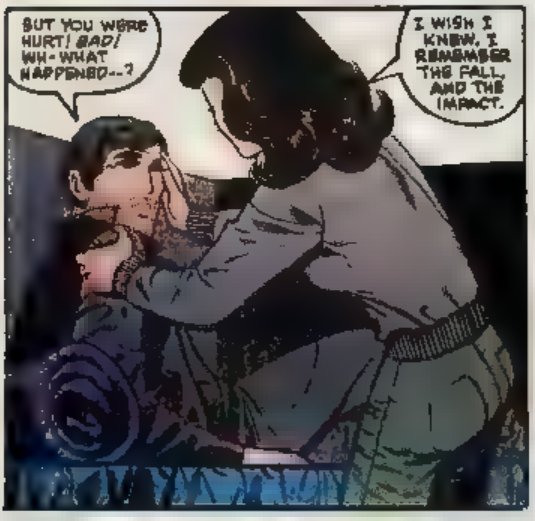
I AM CHEN SHA. IT IS MY PRIVILEGE AND HONOR TO BE PRIEST TO THE PEOPLE OF RA-LUNDI--
--AND TO WELCOME ALL VISITORS TO OUR WONDERFUL CITY.
I APPRECIATE THE HOSPITALITY, PAL, BUT RIGHT NOW I'M ...WELL...
OF COURSE. YOU HAVE BEEN THROUGH AN ORDEAL.
I WILL TAKE YOU TO A PLACE OF REST.
I HATE TO BE NOSEY, CHEN SHA, BUT THIS PLACE, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE HIMALAYAS? I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
THE BENEVOLENT F'HAN-TAL PROVIDES-- BOTH HEAT TO WARM US, AND ENERGY WITH WHICH TO BUILD OUR STRUCTURES.
F'HAN-TAL?
INDEED, YES, IN FACT--
--THERE IS THE TEMPLE OF F'HAN-TAL.
THIS "F'HAN-TAL" IS PROBABLY SOME SORT OF HOT SPRING, OR LAVA FLOW, THAT THE PEOPLE HAVE COME TO WORSHIP BECAUSE IT KEEPS 'EM ALIVE.
BUT MAYBE I CAN USE IT TO GET A LITTLE MORE INFORMATION!
SO, CHEN, I GUESS THE F'HAN-TAL TAUGHT YOU YOUR ENGLISH, HUH?
OH, NO. RA-LUNDI HAS HAD A NUMBER OF... GUESTS THROUGH THE YEARS. FROM THEM WE HAVE LEARNED SEVERAL TONGUES.
NOW SIT, EAT, REFRESH YOURSELF.
THANKS, CHEN, BUT I'M AFRAID I'M NOT VERY HUNGRY.
OF COURSE. YOU ARE WORRIED. BUT DO NOT BE -- YOUR FRIEND WILL JOIN US SOON.
MY... FRIEND?!

OH, YES. THE YOUNG WOMAN.
BUT... BUT SHE'S DEAD! THAT'S IM-POSSIBLE--!
I HAVE NEVER LIKED THE WORD, "IMPOSSIBLE."
FOR THE SAME WATCHERS WHO SAW YOU FALL WERE ABLE TO RETRIEVE YOUR COMPANION FROM A LOWER LEDGE.
SHE DID SURVIVE, THOUGH BARELY.
AS YOU CAN SEE!
WHA--?
MARION!
LET GO O' ME, BLAST IT! I HAVE TO GO TO HER!
SHE IS BEING TAKEN TO THE F'HAM-TAL, MY SON, FOR PURIFICATION. THERE IS NO NEED FOR CONCERN.
NO NEED--?! LOOK, OLD MAN. I CAN SEE WHAT SHAPE SHE'S IN! AND IF I CAN'T LIVE MY LIFE WITH HER--
--THEN BY HEAVEN I'LL BE WITH HER WHEN SHE DIES!

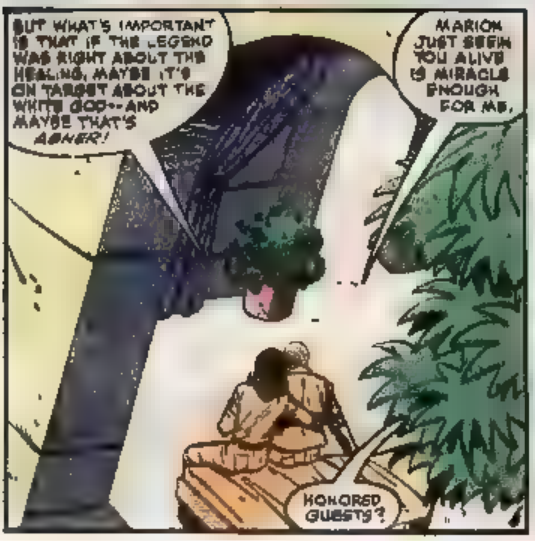

AND NOTHIN'S GONNA STOP ME! NOT IN THIS WORLD, OR ANY OTH--
--ER?
THE TOUCH IS GENTLE.
THE EFFECT--
--SURPRISING.
WHILE OUTSIDE, A PALE SUN CRAWLS TO ZENITH--
--BRUSHING TALON ROCK AND THE NEARBY CITY OF RA-LUNDI WITH FINGERS OF FRAGILE LIGHT.
AS SOON, INSIDE THAT CITY, DARKNESS SLOWLY LIFTS FROM THE MIND OF A SOFTLY STIRRING ARCHEOLOGY PROFESSOR, CHASED AWAY BY HANDS THAT ARE AT ONCE FIRM, TENDER--
--AND FAMILIAR.
C'MON, SLEEPY-HEAD, RISE AN' SHINE! IT'S THE EARLY BIRD THAT CATCHES THE ARTIFACT, Y'KNOW!
HO...WHU...

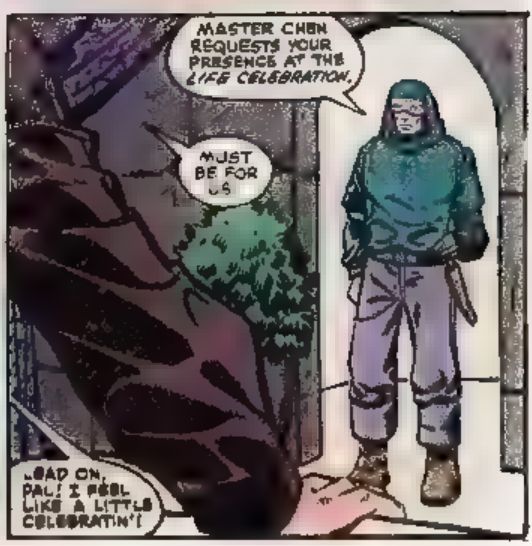
YOU
...
...IS
...YOU!

MARION!
GOOD TH NG YOU REMEMBERED MY NAME, JONES. IF YOU'DA CALLED ME "ALICE"--
--I D HAVE KNOCKED YOU BACK TO DREAMLAND MYSELF!


BUT YOU WERE HURT! BAD! WH-WHAT HAPPENED--?
I WISH I KNEW. I REMEMBER THE FALL, AND THE IMPACT.

BUT THE NEXT THING I KNOW I'M WAKIN' UP FEELIN' HUNKY-DORY AGAIN, IN A ROOM WITH A BIG LUMP OF GLOWIN STUFF IN THE MIDDLE.
CHEN SHA SAID THAT WAS WHAT HEALED ME-- SOMETHIN' CALLED A FANTAL.
"F'HAN-TAL"
WHATEVER.

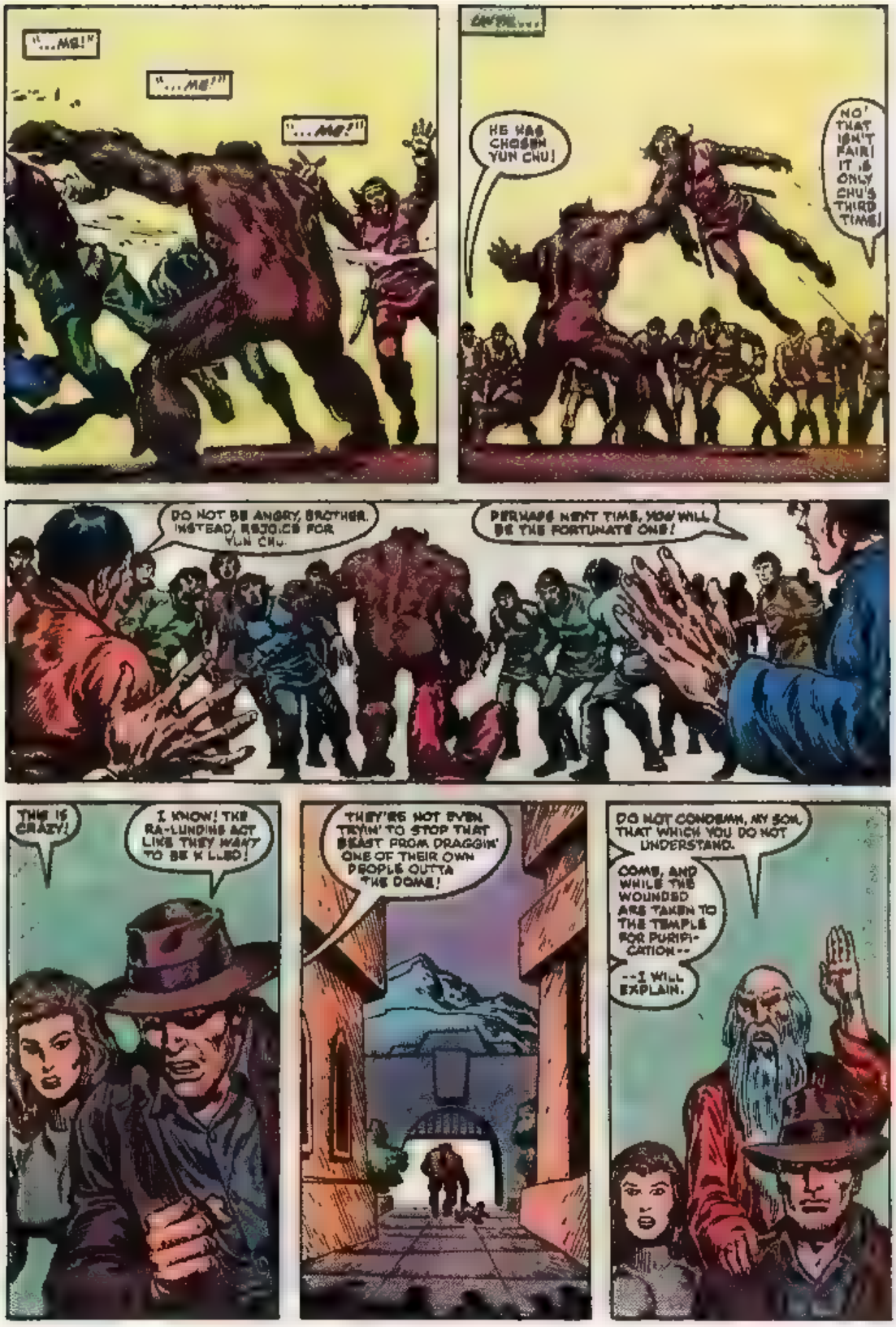

BUT WHAT'S IMPORTANT IS THAT IF THE LEGEND WAS RIGHT ABOUT THE HEALING, MAYBE IT'S ON TARGET ABOUT THE WHITE GOD--AND MAYBE THAT'S ADNER!
MARION JUST SEEIN YOU ALIVE IS MIRACLE ENOUGH FOR ME.
HONORED GUESTS?


MASTER CHEN REQUESTS YOUR PRESENCE AT THE LIFE CELEBRATION.
MUST BE FOR US
..BAD ON, PAL! I FEEL LIKE A LITTLE CELEBRATIN'!

HOWEVER, AS MARION, INDY AND THEIR ESCORT MOVE TOWARDS THE CENTER OF THE DOMED CITY...
I HATE TO BURST YOUR BUBBLE, JONES, BUT I DON'T TH NK THIS PARTY S IN OUR HONOR.
WHILE I WAS BEIN' TAKEN FROM THE TEMPLE, CHEN SHA SAID THE "LIFE CELEBRATION" WAS KIND OF A REGULAR RITUAL.
MUST BE PRETTY IMPORTANT-- LOOKS LIKE THE WHOLE TOWN'S TURNED OUT!
WELCOME, PROFESSOR JONES, MISS RAVENWOOD. I AM [illegible] DELIGHTED THAT YOU COULD JOIN US. PLEASE, SIT.
JONES! THAT GUY IN THE MASK! LOOK AT HIS HANDS!
HE'S A WHITE MAN!

HE COULD BE ABNER!
HE COULD BE ANYONE! HE'S NOT EXACTLY RUNNIN' TO YOUR OPEN ARMS, IS HE?
JUST S'T TIGHT AN' KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!
AND WHAT SHE SEES IS AN EVERFUL INDEED, AS HUNDREDS OF CITY-DWELLERS CROWD IN TO LINE A PATH FROM THE DOME ENTRANCE TO THE CENTRAL PLAZA--
--TENSE WITH ANTICIPATION AS THEY WATCH A STRANGE PROCESSION, THEIR EXPRESSIONS OF AWE TURNING TO EAGERNESS, AND, EVEN MORE ODD-
--TO HOPE.
ONCE MORE YOU HAVE DONE YOUR TASK WELL, MY SILENT FRIEND.
ONCE MORE, YOU HAVE PROVIDED SALVATION.
GATHER CLOSE, MY CHILDREN! THE TIME OF WAITING IS OVER! THE GUARDS WILL RELEASE YOUR SAVIOUR--

--NOW!
THE CREATURE IS FERAL, BUT INTELLIGENT-NOBLE, YET SAVAGE, AND INDY AND MARION KNOW IMMEDIATELY THAT IT WAS ONE OF THIS RHO THAT HAD SENT THEM TUMBLING INTO THE ICY GORGE HOURS BEFORE.
BUT WHILE THE TWO OUTSIDERS BROOD WITH INSTINCTIVE DANNO, THE MASSED AU-LUNDRS PRESS FORWARD INTO WAITING CLANS, SPEARS, AND CHANTING...


"...ME!"
"...ME!"
"...ME!"
HE HAS CHOSEN YUN CHU!
NO! THAT ISN'T FAIR! IT IS ONLY CHU'S THIRD TIME!
DO NOT BE ANGRY, BROTHER. INSTEAD, REJOICE FOR YUN CHU.
PERHAPS NEXT TIME, YOU WILL BE THE FORTUNATE ONE!
THIS IS CRAZY!
I KNOW! THE RA-LUNDINS ACT LIKE THEY WANT TO BE KILLED!
THEY'RE NOT EVEN TRYIN' TO STOP THAT BEAST FROM DRAGGIN' ONE OF THEIR OWN PEOPLE OUTTA THE DOME!
DO NOT CONDEMN, MY SON, THAT WHICH YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND.
COME, AND WHILE THE WOUNDED ARE TAKEN TO THE TEMPLE FOR PURIFICATION--
--I WILL EXPLAIN.

CENTURIES AGO, MY PEOPLE WERE SIMPLE VILLAGERS--UNTIL ONE NIGHT WHEN SOMETHING SPECTACULAR OCCURRED.
"FIRE FELL FROM THE SKY, MELTING PART OF THIS MOUNTAIN AND FREEZING THE SLAG INTO THE SHAPE YOU CALL 'TALON ROCK'
WE SOON FOUND THAT THE FIRE HAD MARVELOUS PROPERTIES--IT HEALED WOUNDS AND ILLNESS, RETARDED AGING, OFFERED VIRTUAL IMMORTALITY!!
"WE GAVE IT THE NAME F'HAN-TAL- MEANING "LIFE GIVER"-- AND BUILT THIS CITY AROUND IT. BUT WE SOON FOUND THE MIRACLE TO BE DOUBLE-EDGED.
"FOR EXPOSURE TO THE F'HAN-TAL'S WARMTH FOR MORE THAN A DAY RESULTED IN TOTAL DEPENDENCE ON IT AFTER THAT PERIOD OF TIME. IF ONE STRAYED BEYOND THE BORDER OUTSIDE, ONE WAS STRUCK BY AN AGONY IMAGINABLE ONLY IN NIGHTMARES!"
AND SO WE LIVED AS PRISONERS, WITHOUT CHOICE, IMMORTALS COMING TO COVET THE ONE THING WE COULD NOT HAVE--DEATH! AND WHILE THE MONSTROUS CREATURES ROAMING THESE MOUNTAINS OFFERED SOME HOPE--
--THEY AVOIDED RA-LUNDI AS IF SENSING THE DANGER HERE.
THUS WE BEGAN USING FORTUNE HUNTERS WHO STUMBLED UPON OUR CITY, FOR A TIME, UNTIL THEIR DEPENDENCE GREW, THEY COULD RANGE FARTHER BEFORE HAVING TO RETURN.
AND SO THEY WERE SENT OUT TO DIG PITS, TO CAPTURE THE BEASTS AND BRING THEM HERE--WHERE THE CREATURES WOULD BLESS ONE OF OUR NUMBER BY CARRYING THEM FORCIBLY AWAY...AND DEVOURING THEM!
HELPERS WERE GIVEN A PLACE OF HONOR, AND A GOLDEN MASK OF STATION, BUT LIKE OUR CURRENT ALLY--FOUND SOME YEARS AGO WANDERING WITHOUT VOICE OR MEMORY IN THE SNOW--THEY EVENTUALLY GROW TOTALLY DEPENDENT ON THE F'HAN-TAL, AND ARE ABLE TO TRAVEL EVER SHORTER DISTANCES FROM RA-LUNDI.
AND THEN THEY MUST BE REPLACED.
YOU MEAN...BY US?
WE ALL SERVE FATE, MY CHILD.
...IN OUR OWN WAYS.

WHILE SOME DISTANCE AWAY, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN GORGE...
T'S A GOOD THING YE THOUGHT TO MAKE A COPY O' THAT MAP THE RAVENWOOD LASS COPPED, LAFONTE. ME NAZI PALS'D BE A BIT MIFFED IF YE HAD TO CANCEL YER EXPEDITION.
ESPECIALLY SINCE THEY FINANCED IT!
YOU WORRY TOO MUCH, MONSIEUR McIVER. I AM A CAREFUL MAN -- PARTICULARLY WHERE GREAT WEALTH IS CONCERNED.
AND I PRIDE MYSELF IN THINKING OF-
"--EVERYTHING?"
GRRRRARRR
MON DIEU - SOME SORT OF AN MALS
THE HUNGRY SORT, FROM THE LOOKS OF 'EM!
WE ARE HURTING THEM -- BUT THEY STILL CHARGE FORWARD! KEEP SHOOTING!
KBLAM
PDOW-DOW
BON! THEY ARE FLEEING AT LAST!
AYE. BUT WHAT WOULD'VE HAPPENED IF ME BACKERS HADN'T PROVIDED US WITH SO MANY GUNS?
ARE YE SURE THIS TRIP IS REALLY WORTH THE RISK?
M'SIEUR McIVER--

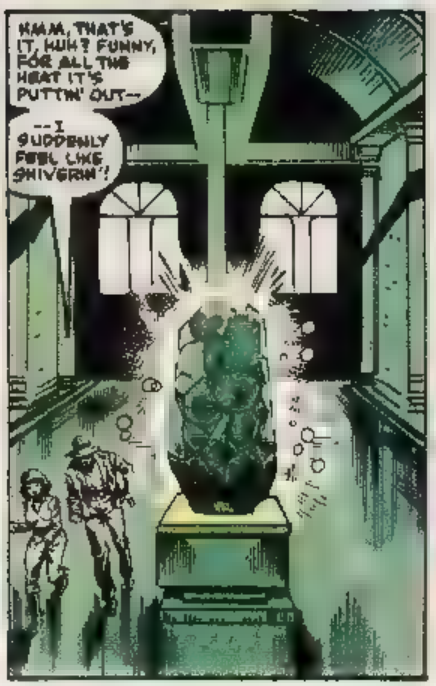
--I BELIEVE WE SHALL SOON FIND OUT!
AS THEY MOVE FORWARD TOWARDS TALON ROCK, MONGOL BEARERS REMOVE PRE-SELECTED MATERIALS REQUIRED FOR BUILDING A TEMPORARY BRIDGE...

--WHILE IN RA-LUNDI...
YOU WERE SCREAMING! 'S SOMETHING WRONG?
NO--

"--NOT NOW!"
THWOTCH!

INDY, I CAN'T LEAVE W'THOUT SEEIN THAT GUY IN THE MASK!
I KNOW YOU WERE GONNA SAY THAT!
ALL RIGHT THEN, COME ON!

THE TEMPLE'S A LOGICAL PLACE TO START!
BESIDES, I'D LIKE TO TAKE A GANDER AT THAT F'MAN-TAL MYSELF


HMM, THAT'S IT, HUH? FUNNY, FOR ALL THE HEAT IT'S PUTTIN' OUT--
--I SUDDENLY FEEL LIKE SHIVERIN'!

THERE HE IS, JONES! AND THE DOOR IS UNLOCKED!

BLAST IT, THE MASK'S SEALED! I CAN'T GET IT OFF! BUT HE'S AWAKE--H'S EYES ARE OPEN!
ABNER? IT'S ME! MARION!
HURRY IT UP, WILLYA? I HEAR SOMETHIN' OUTSIDE!
SOMEONE MUST'VE NOTICED WE WERE GONE AND--
--WAIT A MINUTE THOSE ARE GUNSHOTS!
IT'S MCIVER AND LAFONTE! THEY FOLLOWED US OR MEMORIZED THE MAP OR SOMETHIN'!
ABNER, IT'S MARION! MARION!
LET'S GO! THAT GUY'S DEAD TO THE WORLD! HE SN'T HEARIN' ANYTHING!
M...MARION?
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! HERE'S OUR COLD WEATHER GEAR
AND OUR SUPPLIES!
YOU KNOW WHAT WE HAVE TO DO, DON'T YOU? IF MCIVER GETS HOLD OF THE P'HAN-TAI AND SHIPS IT OFF TO GERMANY, THINKING THAT IT'S JUST A QUICK WAY OF HEALING BATTLE-FIELD CASUALTIES...
I KNOW, JONES.
LET'S GET IT OVER WITH!

A MATCH IS STRUCK.
THE FLAME OF DESTINY HOVERS CLOSER.
BUT
SLLAKSH!
HUH--?
THIS F'HAN-TAL IS OUR GOD. I WILL NOT ALLOW YOU TO HARM IT!
BUT WHY NOT? IF WE BLOW IT UP, YOU'LL ALL BE FREE!
PERHAPS. BUT WITHOUT SOMETHING FOR ME TO SERVE--
-- THE PEOPLE WILL NO LONGER SERVE ME!
SO, YOUR PIETY WAS JUST A SHAM TO HIDE YOUR LUST FOR POWER. BUT YOU'RE FORGETTIN' ONE THING-- NO MATTER HOW BADLY YOU CHOP US UP THE F'HAN-TAL WILL KEEP US ALIVE
THAT IS TRUE, WOMAN!
SPROK
GYDANG
BUT CONSIDER HOW UN-COMFORT-ABLE THAT LIFE WILL BE--
--WITH YOUR HEAD SEPARATED FROM YOUR SHOULDERS?
THE BLADE RISES HIGH--
--BUT BEFORE IT CAN BRING IT'S DOWNWARD ARC...
THHUNK
UUUUNGGN...!

IT'S THE MAN IN THE MASK! AND HE'S MOTIONING FOR US TO GO!
NOT THAT WE'VE GOT MUCH CHOICE--LAFONTE'S MEN ARE ALREADY IN THE TEMPLE!
WHOEVER HE IS, WE'RE DOIN' WHAT HE WANTS! C'MON!
BUT, INDY--!
AND SO THEY FLEE, AS IN THEIR WAKE A PALE HAND REACHES DOWN---
--AND RHEUMY EYES GLOW WITH A SPARK THAT COULD BE MANY THINGS...
IT'S JONES AN' THE LASS, FRENCHY! THEY'RE MAKIN' A RUN FOR IT!
WE MUST STOP THEM! MY MONGOLS WILL SECURE THE PRIZE FOR US!
WE'RE OUT! AND IT LOOKS LIKE LAFONTE'S MEN RIGGED SOME SORT OF BRIDGE OVER THE GORGE!
THEN WE CAN COME BACK WHEN WE'VE RE-SUPPLIED!
ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS FIND TALON ROCK AGAIN, AND--
KWUMPH
WHA--?

Bullpen Bulletins

I GOT THIS LETTER . . .

a while back. It's from *Herb Trimpe* who's been a top Marvel artist since Tutankhamon wore diapers. High-flyin' Herb pilots his very own plane — a nifty-looking open-cockpit biplane — around the country in his spare time, by the way. Here's his letter . . .

Dear Jim,

I thought you might get a bang out of this. We went to the beach (Delaware shore) for vacation this summer. There's a nice little airport down there at a place called Rehobeth. As we've done the past two years, Linda takes the girls in the car and I fly Alex down in the plane. To make a real long story short(er), Alex and I ran afoul of some weather (not in the forecast), and got hemmed in by thunderstorms and low visibility along the Delaware River. There was no airport around where I could conveniently set down, so I chose the only possible out, with the rain coming down and the lightning flashing about, we landed in a farmer's soybean field. Just in time, too, as the wind and rain swept through the area. Lines went down, lights went out, branches were felled, the whole bit. Anyway, as we swung around into wind to get everything tied down, we were greeted by this local farmer and his family. Drenched, we were invited inside for dinner, and the rest is history. The whole thing was like something out of "The Great Waldo Pepper." Linda drove up to get us and the next day we drove back to fly the airplane out. If you ever got a spare half hour, I'll tell you about that one, too. Short fields and power lines, etc. Anyway, the upshot, the punch line, the payoff to this episode was that this family's name was *Marvel*. That's right, the farmer's name is *Ray Marvel*. Small world, ain't it?

Best to all,
Herb

AND NOW A WORD FROM VIRGINIA . . . Virginia Romita, that is. Virginia is our Traffic Manager, responsible for keeping Marvel Comics on time — which she does amazingly well. It's not easy though, believe me. A few days ago, I heard her grumbling, snarling and cursing various Marvel editors' ancestors as she lugged her huge schedule book down the hall. "Virginia," I said, "you've got to vent this anger! Write it down! I'll print what you write on the Bullpen Page for the world to see! It'll make you feel better . . . and save me some writing."

She agreed — and so, it gives me great pleasure to present:

Virginia Romita's Rostrum

Let me introduce myself. My name is Virginia Romita. I keep the schedules and traffic moving at Marvel Comics. I have a meeting with the editors and their assistants every week and chart the progress of their books. I don't expect much from them — just perfection. They don't miss the mark too often considering the problems they have to meet and solve. I like due dates on all books to be met and kept. They in turn try to meet them and keep the quality of the books as well — no easy task I assure you. Consider all the obstacles. For example, one artist's cat fell out the window not once, but on three separate occasions forcing him to miss his due date each time. One writer had the misfortune of having a bird build its nest outside his bedroom window — the constant chirping kept him from sleeping, therefore unable to write — another due date missed. You'd be amazed how many portfolios are lost or stolen on the subway, how often lack of supplies, births human or animal, 24 hour nervous breakdowns, cause delays. I am. If we ran a contest on the most imaginative excuse given for missing a deadline, we'd be hard pressed picking a winner. Despite the never ending catastrophes, the editorial staff does a terrific job. Or else! They put out great comics and (almost) always on time.

I can't close this article down without mentioning the JR's (John Romitas) in my life.

John Sr. who used to draw Spider-Man, was not one for being late — but at what price. Way back when I was waiting to be driven to the hospital on John Jr.'s impending birth, Sr. asked if he had enough time to finish up the comic page he was working on. I guess he never thought of making up some story for not turning it in. He should have consulted with his friend the late Bill Everett, creator of Submariner. Bill was a creative genius. Once, when he missed a deadline, he claimed that his pet hamster ate through 6 pages of finished penciled pages (and never got indigestion). Now, no one could have made that up — or could they? Obviously, his hamster did not approve of comics as an art form.

You know, I was so concerned about getting this thing started I forgot it was going to need an end. I feel like the actor with stage fright, but when he got on stage did not want to leave. The only way seems to be to tell you I've enjoyed talking to you.

Virginia

HYPE BOX

ALIEN LEGION #1 — We've been showing little hints and glimpses over the past few months, but now we're ready to unveil it at last — Marvel's latest groundbreaking comic! CARL POTTS, ALAN ZELENETZ, FRANK CIROCCO, and TERRY AUSTIN have pooled their mighty talents to produce the most offbeat series of the year, featuring a veritable army of the most bizarre, colorful, and intriguing alien creatures ever to grace a comic page. It's destined to be the talk of fandom — so pick it up, or you'll be left out of a lot of conversations!

GRAPHIC NOVEL #10 — RICK VEITCH wrote and drew this daringly different science fiction adventure tale. Set on a far distant earth colony where people worship "The Spinnax," it stars a guy by the name of Sunoo Freslane. It's an outer space love story with commercial interruptions! And if you want to find out just what that means, you'll have to pick up the novel, won't you?

THIS JUST IN . . .

If you're a fan of computer adventure games, you'll be pleased to hear that Marvel Comics is teaming up with *Adventure International*, the leading computer games company, to do a series of games involving Marvel characters. Scott Adams, the famous game designer who heads up A.I., has had extensive meetings with myself, John Byrne and Bob Budiansky to make sure the games are true to the Marvel Universe. And if you're a fan of Marvel Comics, you'll also be pleased to hear that we'll be publishing comics based upon the games! Keep watching . . .

PRICE INCREASE?

No, not in the foreseeable future! Thanks to you people buying a *lot* of comics, we're able to hold the line! We appreciate your enthusiastic support, and in return, we're doing our best to keep prices where you want 'em — as low as possible!

Best,

Jim Shooter

CHECK LIST

- ☐ **THE THING #12**
- ☐ **DAREDEVIL #207**
- ☐ **NEW MUTANTS #16**
- ☐ **KA-ZAR #32**
- ☐ **DR. STRANGE CLASSICS #4** — Representing more of the LEE / DITKO classics of sorcery, from **Strange Tales #130-141**
- ☐ **MARVEL SUPER HEROES SECRET WARS (Limited Series) #2**
- ☐ **AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #253**
- ☐ **CAPTAIN AMERICA #294**
- ☐ **THOR #344**
- ☐ **INDIANA JONES #16**
- ☐ **DR. STRANGE #16**
- ☐ **U.S. 1 (Limited Series) #10**
- ☐ **INCREDIBLE HULK #296**
- ☐ **AVENGERS #244**
- ☐ **CONAN THE BARBARIAN #189**
- ☐ **MARVEL TALES #164** — Reprinting "The Man in the Crime-Master's Mask," by STAN LEE and STEVE DITKO, from **Amazing Spider-Man #28**
- ☐ **X-MEN #182**
- ☐ **ROM #56**
- ☐ **POWER MAN/IRON FIST #109**
- ☐ **G.I. JOE #24**
- ☐ **FANTASTIC FOUR #267**
- ☐ **MARVEL TEAM-UP #142** — Featuring **Spider-Man** and **Captain Marvel**
- ☐ **IRON MAN #183**
- ☐ **PETER PARKER, THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN #91**
- ☐ **DEFENDERS #122**
- ☐ **STAR WARS #84**
- ☐ **ALPHA FLIGHT #11**
- ☐ **HERCULES (Limited Series) #4**
- ☐ **WHAT IF #45** — "What If the Hulk Went Berserk?"

MARVEL MAGAZINES

- ☐ **SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN #100** — Special anniversary issue.
- ☐ **MARVEL AGE #15**

EPIC COMICS

- ☐ **ALIEN LEGION #1** — The debut of a thrilling new series. See Hype Box.
- ☐ **DREADSTAR #10**

GRAPHIC NOVELS

- ☐ **#10: HEARTBURST** — See Hype Box.

KHAFWAHHH!
THAT EXPLOSION CAME FROM THE TEMPLE!
AND THE AFTERSHOCK IS SHATTERING TALON ROCK!
THEN I GUESS WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHO THE MAN IN THE MASK REALLY WAS. BUT INDY, IF IT WAS ABNER--
--I THINK HE'S FINALLY AT PEACE.
I'M IN ONE PIECE, FRENCHY-- NO THANKS TO YOU!
YE RUN ABOUT AS FAST AS A CARP!
DO NOT COMPLAIN, MON AMI, AT LEAST WE ARE ALIVE--
--WHICH IS MORE THAN I CAN SAY FOR MY MEN AT THE TEMPLE!
I JUST HOPE THAT YOUR EMPLOYERS IN BERLIN ARE OPEN-MINDED ABOUT--
--MA FOI!
I SEE 'EM, LAFONTE!
MORE O' THEM ANIMAL THINGS WE BATTLED AT THE PASS!
AN' THAT'S THE GOOD NEWS!
'CAUSE WE ALSO GOT SOME SHERPA GUIDES FROM RA-LUNDI CLOSIN' IN FROM THE OTHER SIDE!
LOOKS LIKE WE REALLY SLIPPED FROM THE COOK POT INTA THE STOVE THIS TIME!
DOWN THE MOUNTAIN, INDY AND MARION HEAR THE ECHO OF GUNFIRE, RAPID AT FIRST...
...THEN SLOWING...
...THEN TURNING AS SILENT AS THE COLD SNOW THAT BEGINS TO FALL.

SOMEWHERE: SOME DAYS LATER IN EASTERN CONNECTICUT, ON THE CAMPUS OF MARSHALL COLLEGE...
IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK. IF I NEVER SEE ANOTHER SNOWBALL IN MY LIFE, IT'LL BE TOO SOON.
--HEY! WHAT'S THE NATIONAL MUSEUM DOIN' CLOSED ON WEDNESDAY?
CLOSED
ACCORDING TO THE SIGN, IT WAS SHUT DOWN BY POLICE ORDER!
SOLEMNITY QUICKLY REPLACES ANY JOY OF HOMECOMING, AS THE TWO MUSEUM EMPLOYEES LET THEMSELVES IN THROUGH A SIDE DOOR--
--AND MAKE THEIR WAY DOWN STRANGELY DARKENED CORRIDORS TO THE PRIVATE OFFICE OF CURATOR MARCUS BRODY--
--WHERE...
MARCUS! WHAT'S GOIN' ON?!
OH, HELLO, INDIANA, MARION. I'M GLAD YOU'RE BACK.
WE'VE A SLIGHT PROBLEM HERE.
IT SEEMS THAT THAT ARTIFACT YOU BROUGHT BACK FROM AUSTRALIA-- THE ARNHEM RING*-- WAS DECLARED BY EXPERTS TO BE A VERY CLEVER FAKE!
AND THE MUSEUM HAS BEEN CLOSED PENDING AN INVESTIGATION FOR FRAUD!
*SEE TFAOI #11.
THE NEWSPAPERS HAVE HAD SOMETHING OF A FIELD DAY,
BIT OF A DISGRACE, YOU KNOW.
BUT, MARCUS! THAT CALENDAR RING WAS AUTHENTIC!
I'D SWEAR IT WAS!
OH, I BELIEVE YOU, INDY, WITHOUT QUESTION. BUT I'M AFRAID YOU MAY HAVE TO EXPLAIN A FEW DETAILS TOMORROW--
--TO THE NEW CURATOR OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM!

NEXT ISSUE: DRAGON BY THE TAIL!!